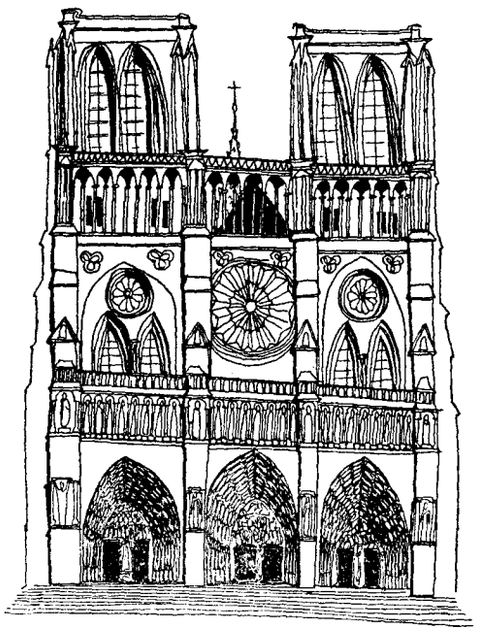
Catholic Pamphlet Collection

CHRISTMAS BOOK ISSUE

THE Commonweal



CONTRASTS IN CATHOLICISM

by Walter J. Ong

Donat O'Donnell · J. N. Moody · James Greene
Elizabeth Bartelme · Will Herberg
Anne Fremantle · Michael Harrington · Jean Holzhauer
Henry Popkin · William Clancy
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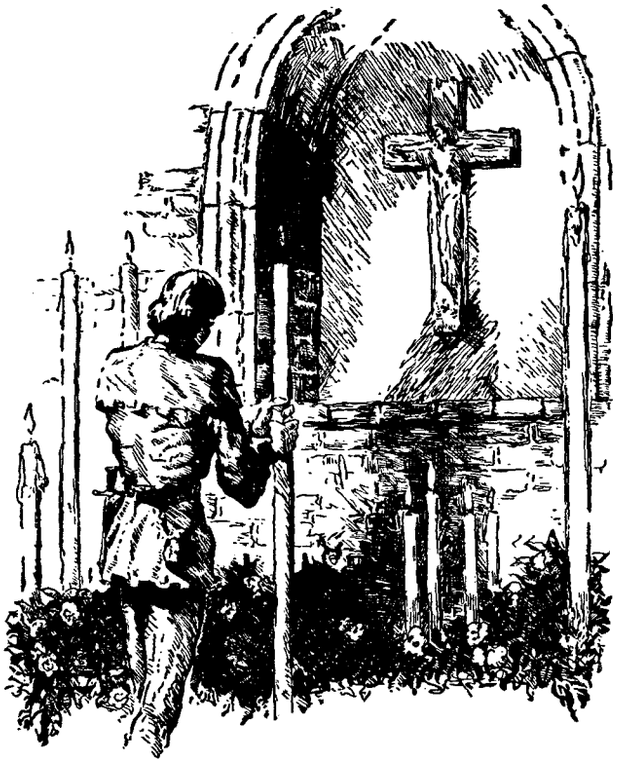

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The Commonweal

week by week

THE "CONTROVERSIAL" FUND

"I AM surprised that there should be any difference of opinion about the Fund for the Republic." Probably Robert M. Hutchins, president for the Fund, is the only person capable of making such a bland remark about this organization which is the present target of much hostile criticism. Yet this is what he told the American Veterans Committee when they presented him with the Bill of Rights Award on October 7.

The remark itself is typical of Mr. Hutchins, who, long ago, enlisted himself, in one of his roles, as a gadfly on the American scene. As such his function was to sting the complacent into an examination of too easily accepted beliefs, attitudes and conventions. But, not surprisingly, many people objected to being stung and Mr. Hutchins soon became a figure of controversy. He has breathed the air of controversy ever since. He has a genius for controversy; what Mr. Hutchins touches becomes, almost magically, "controversial." And we have passed through the time when "controversial" is a merely descriptive term. It may become so again, but today the term is used to damn and dismiss.

The figure of Mr. Hutchins accounts in part for the controversy which swirls around the Fund, but only in part. It would take more than a genius for controversy to arouse so much marked hostility for an organization which attempts to conserve what we regard as the essentials of our Republic, freedom and justice, and to do this according to the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. Yet this was the original intention of the Fund and it has been restated by its present president. The temper of our times is measured by the criticism and the praise directed against the Fund because it concerns itself with the issues of civil liberties, security and "security risks" and loyalty programs.

Because these are major issues, of greater significance than the existence of the Fund itself, it is unfortunate that the criticism is not directed toward its proper object—the results of the independent studies which the Fund has projected. With one exception, the *Bibliography on the Communist Problem in the United States,* these studies have gone largely unexamined by their supposed critics. Yet many people unconsciously act on the premise that "where there's smoke there's fire," and Fulton Lewis, Jr., the New York *Journal American,* the new *National Review*—to name but a few of the critics—have so beclouded the issues that the studies stand in danger of being damned without examination. Were this to happen it would be a shameful waste.

THE Fund for the Republic was authorized by the Trustees of the Ford Foundation in October 1951. Its function was considered so important that it was soon incorporated with its own Board of Directors, granted additional money, and a status completely independent of the Foundation itself. At that time, in February, 1953, the Board of Directors made a public statement that said, "The major factor affecting civil liberties today, in our opinion, is the menace of Communism and Communist influence in this country. Coupled with this threat is the grave danger to civil liberties in methods that may be used to meet the threat." They then proposed to investigate the extent of the Communist menace and the means used to combat it. This board includes such members as Paul G. Hoffman, Chairman; George N. Shuster, Vice-Chairman; Erwin N. Griswold, John Lord O'Brian, and Meyer Kestnbaum.

Since the establishment of the Fund, grants have been given to many groups, including the Catholic Interracial Council of Chicago, the Methodist Church, and the American Friends Service Committee. The Fund has also set up a commission on the housing of minority groups which is headed by Earl B. Schubert, the president of a New York bank and includes such men as Father John Cavanaugh of Notre Dame, Elliott Bell of *Business Week,* and Henry Luce of Time,

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Inc. Critics of the Fund almost invariably fail to mention such activities. They train their heavy batteries on studies which are concerned with civil rights and the loyalty-security system. Yet these are needed studies, for there are obvious injustices in the system; even the *American Legion Magazine* in a recent issue attacked these injustices in strong terms.

And the directors of projects are given complete freedom in their studies. They are given money and they must recruit their own staffs. The purpose of their research is to find out and disclose what is actually taking place in the area of their investigation. They are competent directors who have not been accused of duplicity. They are attacked largely because we live at a time when an obsession with security endangers both liberty and justice. At such a time we should welcome the truly controversial, for it can promote the discussion of major issues. But discussion should start with facts, and these the Fund projects can disclose. If, in the name of security, we stifle such disclosures and discussion we will risk the loss of liberty, justice *and* security.

BIPARTISAN NO LONGER?

ONE of the basic going assumptions is that, because of the cold war, foreign policy in the United States is perforce bipartisan. During the Eisenhower Administration this has, of course, been true but to a limited extent. It has not, for instance, embraced the ensemble of each party's representation in Congress; there have been more Republican dissenters than Democratic. Nor has bipartisanship been full-fledged enough to involve even a subordinate place in the Cabinet for some member of the loyal opposition. It has rested mainly on the cooperation of Congressional leaders of both parties in support of the President.

Now that this policy—at least as it was embodied in the statements, peregrinations and *démarches* of Secretary Dulles—has met a severe check, there are signs that American foreign policy is again to be defended and assailed in terms of outright partisan controversy. It is not so much that the latest Geneva parley itself has failed, as that this conference has brought forward the inevitable fruits of the earlier summit meeting which had aroused such high hopes around the world.

For it was there, at the earlier meeting, that this country found justification for economizing on armaments and on foreign aid. It was that meeting, with its focus on Russian smiles, which induced our European allies to relax their own defense efforts. It was that meeting, with the subsequent Adenauer mission to Moscow, which has endangered West Germany's key role in the NATO defense system. The emphasis at the summit parley on the horrors of atomic warfare—much as it corresponded with the sentiments of all manner of men—has doubtless given the Russians new assurance that such weapons will not be used against them and encouraged them vigorously to renew their efforts to expand their already vast dominion.

Bipartisanship can serve as a genuine source of strength. It makes for consistency of action against a relentless adversary. Its chief danger is that it often militates against self-examination and reappraisal even when policies are demonstrated to be wrong. Since everyone tends to go along, Senator Knowland does stand out, in this period of little or no debate, as a man who has spoken out for his convictions however mistaken.

Today there is growing indication that debate over foreign policy will comprise an important part of the coming Presidential campaign. This is a welcome development. The Geneva outcome makes it imperative for the present Administration itself to make a new start. And it will soon have to justify its policies before the electorate. Whoever wins in '56, there is much to be gained from probing into the latter-day objectives and instruments of American foreign policy. Once a new course has been determined, ranks can again be closed. The case for bipartisanship is as strong as ever; but the big need of the moment is the formulation of a realistic new foreign policy program.

NEXT WEEK

SAM HYNES writes about the present status of Ezra Pound.

"The problem at the heart of the Bollingen controversy is one fundamental to a democracy by its very nature. It is this: to what degree can thought antagonistic to the dominant intellectual tradition be encouraged? In principle, democracy implies freedom of thought, but in practice that freedom has been of necessity more or less limited within a range which we might describe as 'humanitarian.' Such limitations may have value as a mode of preserving a democratic tradition, but its dangers should also be obvious; its logical extreme is thought control and government censorship. To this central issue one might add others which are more narrowly literary, but which are related to the general problem: to what degree can moral or political judgments of a work of art be allowed to determine one's literary evaluation of it?"

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CANDIDATE STEVENSON

ADLAI STEVENSON is doomed to defeat, thinks columnist Stewart Alsop, unless he changes fast. One thing that bothers Mr. Alsop is Mr. Stevenson's inability to deliver himself of political clichés with all the gusto of a man who has just coined a new and valuable phrase. Perhaps, thinks Mr. Alsop, there is a solution: candidate Stevenson should practice saying meaningless sentences like "Most oranges are round" with great sincerity and feeling until he has the hang of it. That out of the way, there is just one more thing Mr. Alsop sees as a handicap—Adlai Stevenson, he thinks, simply lacks the instinct for giving an audience what it wants to hear; he persists in saying what he thinks, and something will have to be done about this failing, too.

Along somewhat the same lines, former President Harry Truman has his complaints about Mr. Stevenson. Mr. Truman's contribution to history is undeniable, but there is no doubt that politically his style consists in sharpening differences, not in lessening them, in emphasizing grievances, not in conciliating. On the basis of his own remarkable upset victory over Thomas Dewey in 1948, Mr. Truman is now dead-set against having as a Democratic candidate any man who talks about "moderation" or in any way sounds less "liberal" than Mr. Truman himself. In recent weeks the former President has displayed an obvious coolness toward Mr. Stevenson on this score, and it now seems plain that a concerted effort is under way to turn Adlai Stevenson into Mr. Truman's image of a trustworthy down-the-line New Deal-Fair Deal candidate.

What is happening, it seems to us, is that the professional party-men have finally begun to listen seriously to what Adlai Stevenson actually says. He has not changed since 1952; if any change has taken place, it is they who have changed. Mr. Stevenson dislikes easy political labels; as he said recently, it is impossible to do justice to a man's whole political philosophy with essentially meaningless tags like "dynamic moderation" or "moderate dynamism." And since he himself is one of the most complex men on the American political scene, he is doubly hard to label. Yet if the attempt has to be made, it seems to us that it has never been possible to classify Mr. Stevenson as a "liberal" in quite the way Harry Truman uses the word. Essentially, he has always struck us as a man of moderation and, if it were not for the character of many who have claimed the title of "conservative" these days, a better case could be made for so labeling him than for considering him as a liberal in any doctrinaire sense of the word.

In the Fifties, a man can still be called a liberal, simply by using the cliches of the Thirties; for Adlai Stevenson such a course is temperamentally impossible. In the context of the political present, he must be called a liberal, for lack of a better term, but only in the sense that he applies his creative imagination to the problems of the present, rather than merely repeating the liberal dogmas of yesterday. In the end, perhaps as close as one can get to labeling Mr. Stevenson is to call him a "moderate liberal," and this is satisfactory only to the extent that it describes his spirit of conciliation and lack of sharp partisanship, as well as his rejection of a conservatism that defines the best course as standing still. Thus at the recent Democratic rally in Chicago he said: "I agree that this is an age of abundance, as well as an age of anxiety. I agree that it is a time for catching our breath; I agree that moderation is the spirit of the times. But we must take care lest we confuse moderation with mediocrity, or settle for half answers to hard problems. A democratic society can't stand still, and the world won't stand still. . . . Moderation, yes. Stagnation, no!"

In recent weeks, Republican chairman Hall has been referring to Mr. Stevenson as a "repudiated" candidate who will be repudiated again. Party chairmen are expected to be partisan, and Mr. Hall is only acting in character. But Mr. Truman and all the other Democrats who want to re-make Adlai Stevenson should remember that he polled twenty-seven million votes in 1952, despite the widespread feeling that it was "time for a change" and the presence on the GOP ticket of the popular Dwight D. Eisenhower. This is hardly repudiation, nor does it indicate any inability to wage an effective campaign.

We like Mr. Stevenson as he is, being himself, and we dislike efforts to turn him into a Midwestern version of Harry Truman or into a cliché-mouthing time-server. Win, lose, or draw, the real Stevenson can make a genuine contribution to the nation's political life and understanding. And, no matter what the other Democrats think, Adlai Stevenson's spirit of moderation and lack of narrow partisanship may very well win him the Presidency of the United States.

RED CARPET IN NEW DELHI

WHILE the battered dove of peace was painfully winging away from Geneva, Soviet Premier Bulganin and Communist party boss

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Khrushchev were landing at New Delhi airport to the cheers of an estimated 1,000,000 Indians. Although Prime Minister Nehru pointedly told his distinguished guests not to expect their visit to swing India into the Communist bloc, it is obvious that the "good-will" tour of MM. Bulganin and Khrushchev through India, Burma and Afghanistan is well calculated to win friends and influence people among the uncommitted third of the world in the struggle between Communism and the West.

The response of Administration officials, like that of most of the American press, has been both ambiguous and peripheral in discussing this latest Soviet maneuver to extend their economic penetration of Southeast Asia. There is neither a governmental nor editorial consensus that we must step-up the tempo of our own "economic warfare" to counter this latest Soviet move; in fact, most of the official and editorial reaction to Russia's ruble-diplomacy has voiced confidence in our ability "to hold the line."

On one point, however, there has been general American agreement: Russia's ability to extend economic aid to Asia is very limited. If the Asiatics are persuaded to "buy" from MM. Bulganin and Khrushchev, they will probably find that the goods, if delivered at all, fall far below what the salesmen so glowingly described. Then, feeling cheated and angry, the peoples of Asia may well turn to the United States and the West with a renewed friendliness and confidence.

Such an analysis, whether time prove it true or false, dramatically underlines one of our chronic and crippling weaknesses in trying to deal with the peoples of an emergent Asia: we tend to look upon them as prospective customers who will buy our product gladly if and when they discover they have been duped by the slick salesmen of our greatest competitor. Our business metaphors betray us; they show the materialistic coloring of our own minds, and trap us into thinking that the rest of the world is as much conditioned by the marketplace as we are.

It should disconcert us to realize that to millions of people throughout the world MM. Bulganin and Khrushchev appear in the guise, not of star salesmen, but friends. One million people went to the airport at New Delhi to greet "friends"; Burma's Premier U Nu very recently spoke of the Soviet leaders as the "friends of his nation and the saviors of his people" because the Russian purchase of rice had saved Burma from economic disaster. Even in the speech wherein he declared that India would not swing into the Communist bloc, Prime Minister Nehru affirmed that India and Russia were bound together, not by economic ties, but by the bonds of friendship.

The United States has great things to give, not sell or barter, to the peoples of Asia, who want to know what ideas we have, as well as how many cars and houses we possess. We claim, as a nation, to have religious roots; we locate the source of our basic rights in God; our Judaeo-Christian *ethos* places man above the state. The Asian peoples, heirs of a deep and ancient religious tradition, would like to hear these things, because they would understand and appreciate them. It is significant that MM. Bulganin and Khrushchev cannot carry items such as these on their present mission.

A TWO-PARTY PRESIDENT?

MR. DAVID LAWRENCE, editor of *The U. S. News and World Report* and a widely syndicated columnist, made the suggestion recently that President Eisenhower, with profit to the nation, should be the candidate on both the Democratic and Republican tickets in the 1956 elections. Each party would then nominate its own choice for the Vice Presidency.

Such a plan, Mr. Lawrence argued, would a) save President Eisenhower the great strains of campaigning, b) insure his continued presence in the White House until what Mr. Lawrence rather vaguely calls "the great crisis" is over, and c) would permit the President to retire in favor of the elected Vice President after he had conserved both himself and the nation.

It is unlikely that Mr. Lawrence's plan will gain wide support. The very fact that it could be presented by a serious political commentator, however, is significant. It graphically represents what many observers of our political climate have called "the weakening of the two-party system." It also dramatizes the deep-rooted popularity and esteem in which President Eisenhower is held.

But the plan is as dangerous as it is dramatic. The effect of Mr. Lawrence's proposal would be to convert the President into a constitutional monarch. It would also cut off before it could begin that discussion of basic issues and past performance which is not only part of, but the very reason for the constitutional provision that the determination of the President shall be returned to the electorate every four years.

Mr. Eisenhower's candidacy in the 1956 campaign would be welcome; if he is to be President again, we would prefer to see him elected as a result of that campaign rather than become "President by acclamation."

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Contrasts in Catholicism

"THE AIMS OF THE MOST ARTICULATE OF FRENCH CATHOLICS ARE INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT FOR FOREIGNERS TO ASSESS IN ANY REALLY MEANINGFUL WAY"

WALTER J. ONG

IN THE France of the mid-twentieth century, which Père Robert Rouquette of the staff of *Études* has recently suggested in *Thought* is "perhaps the most profoundly Catholic" century in all France's history, the Catholic front presents many mystifying aspects. The aims of the most articulate of French Catholics, which are not always easy even for Frenchmen to explain, are increasingly difficult for foreigners to assess in any meaningful way.

Everyone knows that the old landmarks for measuring the Church's relationship to a changing French culture are no longer serviceable. Practically no one in France hankers for the old union of Church and State. Anti-clericalism is so nearly dead that the 1953 "Affaire Finaly"—which, it will be remembered, concerned the sequestering of two children earlier orphaned by Hitler and which lodged some Religious in jail on what were real legal issues and not at all trumped-up charges—failed to enkindle any viable anti-clerical flames, despite the fact that a few exceptional dailies, such as *Franc-Tireur,* did their best to fan the sparks. As in the United States, the great threat to the Faith in France is indifference. But, unlike the situation in the United States, in France, generally speaking, the higher one moves in educational and intellectual and scientific circles, the greater the Catholic activity.

Americans know the excellent work of M. Gilson, who is a medievalist, and of M. Maritain, who features medieval insights in his work—for Americans specialize in medievalism. But in other fields at the universities and in the para-university milieu, including the Collège de France, the most competent scholars and scientists include any number of such militant Catholics: MM. Henri-Irénée Marrou, Émile Coornaert, Louis Leprince-Ringuet, Robert Montagne, Jean Guitton, Raymond Lebègue, Louis Massignon, Gabriel Marcel, and many others, not to mention occasional priests such as Père Pierre Lejay, S.J., a physicist and member of the Institut, and Père Jean Menasce, O.P., a director of studies at the École des Hautes Études, or theologians of the calibre of Pères de Lubac, Congar, Fessard, Chenu, Daniélou, Bouillard, and others. It is significant that when about three years ago *Figaro littéraire* ran a series of interview-articles on persons whom this most influential of French weekly supplements considered key figures on the intellectual-literary front, the first person written up was Jean-Paul Sartre and the second the late Père Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, the Jesuit anthropologist, credited by another Paris daily with being "the Thomas Aquinas of the twentieth century."

Aspects of French Catholicity itself puzzle Americans. American Catholics can become enthusiastic when they are told of the growing number of university students (some ten thousand in 1953) making the annual pilgrimage—the last twenty miles or so on foot—to Our Lady of Chartres. But they cannot understand how this evident devotion can be nurtured in the twentieth-century world without courses in apologetics of the sort which American Catholic colleges and universities feature but which are quite unknown at the Institut Catholique (Catholic University faculty) in Paris, Toulouse, or elsewhere.

American Catholics are lost when they find that the French apologetic tends to train the youthful mind to think *through* modern problems in Catholic ways, as these problems are being thought through for the first time, and this with a strong stress on familiarity with the Scriptures and with sacramental symbolism rather than by means of an exclusive training in epitomes of theses, which the French regard as a part of Catholic intellectual training, not as its quasi-totality. In this connection, the American Catholic is likely also to miss in the French mind a sense of a "they" (the scientists) and a "we" (the Catholics interested in apologetics, who have no positive interest in the advance of scientific knowledge but simply lie in wait until the scientists generate a "difficulty" which they can cap with an "answer").

The fact is that a culture as irrevocably Catholic, and as time-scarred, as French culture simply makes for a program of spiritual and intellectual training different from that which American culture demands.

Father Walter J. Ong, S.J., of Saint Louis University, recently spent four years in Europe on a Guggenheim fellowship.

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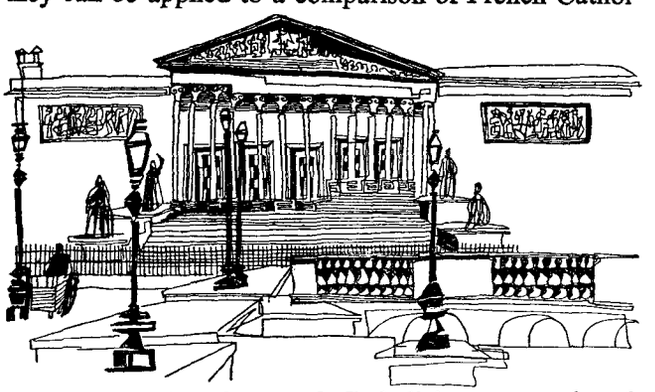
The confrontation of the Church and the secular is governed by a different system of ordinates.

THE SYSTEM of ordinates is complicated, but some of its salient features can be perhaps fruitfully re-examined by adapting a set of concepts developed by David Riesman in *The Lonely Crowd,* namely, the concepts of the tradition-directed, the inner-directed, and the other-directed characters.

The concepts of tradition-, inner-, and other-directed characters seem to appear as correlates of one another and in particular as dialectical-type concepts, generated within an essentially comparative framework, so that the very notion of tradition-directedness generates by reaction inner-directedness, and the resulting interaction generates other-directedness. This is not to say that the interaction of the concepts itself does not apply to reality, for it seems that it does. Here I shall use the terms in a comparative, interacting framework, applying them in the ways it seems they can be applied to a comparison of French Catholicism with other forms of Catholicism, even though this entails some modification of Mr. Riesman's terms.



In this present framework, a tradition-directed character will be taken as one which, by comparison with certain other characters, takes its leads from a pattern of action or attitudes passed on in a society without explicit formulation but simply as something *given* in the concrete, and without particular attention to any individuals involved in the passing on of the pattern. Such a character would be that formed in a primitive, non-literate society, where activities—hunting or various crafts—are learned without the help of any handbooks or abstract "art," but simply by being grown into. Here the pattern of action, and to some extent objectives themselves, are defined by a way of life accepted as part of existence, interior and exterior.

By contrast, the inner-directed character is one whose objectives and patterns of activity are dominated (in comparison with the tradition-directed character) by a desire to "make something of himself." This is the ascetical character which, in Max Weber's well-known view, was given an intense build-up first in the monasteries of Christendom and then, especially with the appearance of Protestantism, was released into the whole of society to produce the spirit of enterprise and the asceticism of the "hard-working" businessman, convinced that, if he did not "make something" of himself, he would be gravely at fault and there would somehow be the devil to pay (the inner-directed businessman hates to pay anybody).

Finally, the other-directed character arises as a reaction to inner-directedness. But the other-directed character does not represent a reversion to a tradition-directed stage. He receives his motivation, not from a whole tradition *en bloc,* but from watching other individuals as *individuals*—from observing, more or less consciously, what others are here and now doing. The eighteenth- or twentieth-century *laissez faire* robber baron of the business world was inner-directed. The present-day American junior executive, operating in a network of surveys whereby he constantly adjusts himself, openly self-conscious not only about his business success, but even about what others think of his calling—about his business as a personal activity—is an other-directed character.

These concepts of tradition-directedness, inner-directedness, and other-directedness admit of indefinite elaboration, and one way to elaborate them is to apply them to concrete situations. If we do this, it should be fairly clear that in some of its more obvious aspects American Catholicism is other-directed by comparison with French Catholicism.

In the first place, it exists in a society which, by comparison with European society in general, is other-directed. Gallup polls, advertisers' surveys, the relatively open, non-theoretical nature of American political parties, the human-interest (that is, reader-interest) approach, so deeply rooted in American journalism, the advanced state of popular culture media such as the comics and movies, the social emphasis in the educational program (by contrast, European schools appear to Americans rather as brain factories where isolated individuals are formed on intellectual assembly lines)—all these, and other similar phenomena, are evidence of the American's way of keeping "feelers" out among his fellow-men and measuring himself by them. Inevitably, American Catholicism shapes itself to this American world—after all, the Church's Catholicity fits her to redeem society in all its forms.

The American Catholic parish is far more "open" from every point of view than most European parishes. The parishioners are far more conscious of one another, no matter what their economic status. This fact is a correlative of the fact that the American Catholic family is more open than its European counterpart, in which the more closely knit, more

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self-conscious family organization is at once a blessing and a handicap.

Similarly, the work of the American priest in certain of its aspects is regularly formulated in terms of "service" to the faithful—nothing really new, in a way, when we recall such old expressions as *servus servorum Dei,* and yet new in its emphasis in so far as the shift from serv*ants* to serv*ice* moves out of the age of feudalism into the age of filling stations, which render service by *studying* what large numbers of transient individuals want. The old-time servant was supposed to know instinctively or by a training which formed his *inner* character, whereas the filling station attendant learns what is wanted of him rather by study which is analytic and dispassionate, and which thus, in principle, leaves no mark on his person and tends not to place him in any socially inferior position. This is not to say that the present emphasis on service in the other-directed society can be written off as simply depersonalizing, for the field of personality is complex and cluttered with paradox, so that in many ways this emphasis can represent a more studious attention to the wants of others.

BY CONTRAST with American Catholicism, European Catholicism is commonly thought of as more "traditional." And yet there are curious paradoxes here. For almost all the *avowed* efforts to adjust the Church positively to the modern world, from the more *avant-garde* theological speculation through revision of the liturgy and social experiments such as that of the priest-workers and *Mitbestimmungsrecht,* are initiated typically in Europe, not in the United States. Demographic surveys of Catholic practice in Mass attendance are easier to come by in France or Belgium than in the United States, for the Church in France or Belgium wants more to be conscious of her adjustments or failures.

On the other hand, the myriad adjustments of American Catholics to the changing world have characteristically been made unconsciously, often with the aid of heavy disguises and all sorts of rationalization. The Church's assimilation of American "optimism," of coeducation, of the world of sports, of the world of commerce (taboo for the most part to the medieval Church)—these and many other elements have been absorbed into the Church in America under a steady barrage of protest from within the Catholic mind itself and without the aid of much theory, even in American theology, to justify their absorption.

It appears that the American Catholic was adjusted to these things simply by the other-directedness which he picked up from his American heritage—and picked up quickly, for many, if not most, of the Catholic immigrants came from cultures where the Catholic character tended to be a tradition-directed rather than an inner-directed one. Since the other-directed character, in so far as he is other-directed, characteristically receives his motivation from others, the process of adaptation involves practically no violent interior reorientation. His other-directedness is his guarantee of stability, since it constantly keeps him interiorly responsive to changes in the world about him. The protests against adaptation were relicts of Old-World attitudes and doomed to die out. Even with their dying out, the other-directed character has produced no mature theory of Catholic adaptation to America. The adaptation is so much taken for granted that no one seems to think that there is anything to explain about it.

For the inner-directed Frenchman, on the other hand, adjustment to environment entails a conscious interior reorientation. Like the American, the modern European, and in particular the modern Frenchman, is quite willing to break with tradition. In France the *notion* of the Revolution has certainly won: practically everybody is "Left," at least in his own

estimation, even the blackest reactionary. It is a social outrage to be anything else, and from this point of view it is a mistake to try to think of the French Catholic as typically more "traditional" than the American.

But his way of being non-traditional is different: the Frenchman is not tradition-directed because he is inner-directed, whereas the American is not tradition-directed because he is other-directed. The Frenchman is the *self*-conscious revolutionary—he wants to dedicate himself to change in an aggressive fashion in order to achieve a new personal integrity. The American holds his integrity from the beginning in terms of change, and to him all dedication to revolution seems highly pretentious and entirely superfluous.

Its inner-directed character helps account for the high intellectual charge of French Catholicism. Intellectuals tend to be inner-directed folk. This is true even in America, and it is not surprising that at its high intellectual levels American Catholicism tends to have great sympathy for French Catholicism (and

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for much German Catholicism which has this same inner-directedness). Indeed, American Catholic intellectualism is notoriously reliant on French and other European sources for the intellectual stimuli lacking in its own environment—and thus, to continue the ironic dialectic, to this extent is other-directed despite itself. It is typical that Père A.-J. Maydieu, O.P., editor of *La vie intellectuelle,* had to come to the United States last year actually to beg American Catholics to write a book about themselves for Europeans and the rest of the Church.

THE SAME inner-directedness is related to the French Catholic's hankering to live in a perpetual state of crisis. This aspect of the French character is what the Frenchman himself will think of and describe as "seriousness," and what the foreigner is likely to identify with sheer contrariness or contumacy. It can generate that most French of all temptations and vices: *je-m'enfoutisme*—a to-hell-with-everything attitude which in an American would be mere defeatism, but which in France is somehow intimately related to the production of an endless succession of brilliant plays, novels, paintings, and sculptures, and that not only in the present but to some extent as far back as the gothic lace of medieval French cathedrals, soaring out of disdain into the empyrean with their burden of ethereal, winsome —and it must be owned, somewhat supercilious— stone madonnas. This is no climate for Pollyanna Catholicism. It is the climate of artistic *productivité.*

But other kinds of *productivité* must exploit other kinds of forces. And when Frenchmen set about imitating *productivité* of the American factory kind, they are likely, like a writer in *Figaro* not long ago, to forget this fact and to make the mistake of wanting to throw out of their industrial and commercial world all the "inane American optimism," so as to preserve the proper atmosphere of crisis—oblivious of the fact that what produces a Cézanne or a Péguy is not what produces automobiles.

The intimate relation of production to American optimism is interestingly documented by recent linguistic research and can be used further to point up the difference between the American and French sensibility. Dorothy Lee has recently made a study of the development of expressions in America featuring the verbal "up"—as in wash *up,* fix *up,* bundle *up,* write *up.* These formations are a recent and distinctive feature of American speech, and Miss Lee finds in them correlatives of the typical American way of facing the world as a series of successive limit-situations—like units in an assembly line.

Americans prefer "getting a job" to "getting work," or doing a "job" to doing a "task." A job—French and other foreign languages have had to annex the American word itself to lay hold of the American concept—is something bundled up, packaged, a "limit situation." By means of such conceptualizations, the American can face life as a series of successes just-about-to-be-accomplished. The resulting atmosphere of achievement both generates and feeds on "optimism."

This limit-situation or job mentality is a natural one for the other-directed character. Operating typically in what sociologists call a "peer-group," he habitually views his performance less as a projection of his own self (in the way the inner-directed character might) than as something to be measured against the performance of others at every separate instant, piecemeal. He must constantly verify his contact with the "others," the "outside" from which his compulsions derive.

The other-directed is constantly receiving motivation from the other, whereas the inner-directed character is motivated by its desire to do something with itself, so that relationship with others tends to be highly selective, being controlled in terms of foreseeable effects on the self. Thus, whereas in the United States the other-directed character sends its "feelers" farther and farther out into society, finally coming to the point where, in a certain sense, it reacts to all other individuals as to a peer-group, in France, on the other hand, there are only special, limited peer-groups in which the typically inner-directed character *elects* to enlist. This means that for Catholics in France there is no Serra Club, bringing together active Catholic laymen from all walks of life—two lawyers, two physicians, two manufacturers, two bankers, and so on—but rather highly "specialized" groups such as the *Union sociale des ingénieurs catholiques* for Catholic engineers and production men, or the *Conférence Laennec* for Catholic physicians.

In these specialized movements, French Catholicism (and European Catholicism generally) has achieved splendid results and promises still greater ones. At the same time this inner-directedness produces its own type of difficulty characteristic of the Church in France as of France herself, and to a certain extent of all Europe. For not only does inner-directedness, the feeling that one is driven from within, often make a crisis of any adaptation, but it creates a situation in which adaptation or adjustment to what is outside one is likely to be defined in terms of one's own interior crises—likely, that is, to be itself a product and a perpetuation of inner-directedness.

THIS set in the French (and Continental) character helps explain many things which to an American are anomalies, first and foremost the fact

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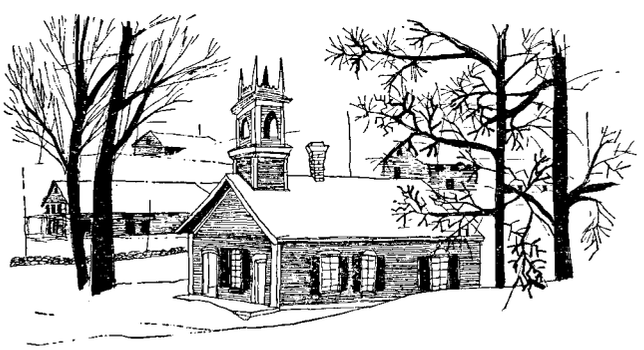
that, although the Revolution has so long been over with and won, so that everybody is a Leftist, in a sense it has never really been fought. For dedication to Revolution has become a principle not merely of conservatism but of out-and-out reaction. This is, of course, inevitable, for the only successful revolution is the unconscious one, or evolution. To enunciate the principle of revolution as a principle is to demolish it, in so far as it is to base one's program more or less negatively on an analysis of a special set of conditions in society, which already necessarily belong to the past by the time they have been analyzed. Only a radically static, non-historical view of reality (a view which is itself a thing of the past) can make convincing a dedication to revolution as revolution.

The irony in the French (and Continental European) Catholic intellectual situation is to be found in the curious mixture of consciously cultivated historical sense and subconscious reactionism, inherent in the Continental Revolutionary tradition itself, just as the irony in the American Catholic situation is to be found in the nearly total absence of a conscious historical sense despite the other-directed character's imperturbably practical adjustment to change.

The Revolutionary mentality as an outgrowth of inner-directedness helps explain such things as the Communist vote of great numbers of Frenchmen, even those more or less aware of their Catholic heritage. It is commonplace that, to a large extent, this vote does not express appreciation of the Communist Party's real purposes and sympathy with them, but that most Frenchmen and Frenchwomen who vote this way do so rather as the most spectacular means of expressing personal antagonism toward management. The "owners" are here not the class defined by Marxist theory but simply the "others" to which the self, with all its inner problems, is opposed.

This kind of inner-directed psychology makes a classless society really quite unrealizable, for there must always be this "other" opposed to the self in such a way that the self can attack it. Such a psychology accounts for the European's difficulty in grasping imaginatively what an American-type society is. Breaking through a class system to an American means abandoning the notion of class altogether, or at least making movement between classes so easy and frequent that the borderlines themselves cease to be meaningful. Breaking through a caste system for a European is likely to mean breaking out of this particular class into another class just as particular.



This has been one of the difficulties connected with the priest-worker experiment, which has been advised in papal documents against unwary acceptance of the doctrine of class struggle. In moving to help the working man, a European Catholic has difficulty remembering that his objective—however difficult of achievement—is to abolish antagonism, not merely to abandon one side for another.

Of course, the American Catholic would have exactly the same difficulty as the European were he in the European's place. The United States did not become other-directed by design, or even consciously. And the American Catholic, who, in many if not most cases, as has been suggested earlier, passed directly from a tradition-directed to an other-directed stage, must remember with all humility that he is far less well situated to advise French and other European Catholics about their own problems than he is to profit from their continued achievements. Generally when an American Catholic is overpowered by a desire to give advice, the only kind of advice he has to give is imperceptive and boorish enough: try to be as much like us Americans as possible.

But even apart from such offensive formulae, probably any advice from any quarter will only reinforce France's (and Europe's) inner-directedness, for any *conscious* movement of the inner-directed character even toward other-directedness in a way only defeats its own purposes, since it means trying to become other-directed for inner-directed reasons. To a certain extent, France and French Catholicism are evolving in this fashion today. Indeed, the European situation has called for a program of *calculated* "democratization." This is what has produced such typically European phenomena as Socialist parties. Europe has never wanted advisers, and she may remain for an indefinite period more self-conscious in her moves than the United States.

The differences between European and American Catholicism must be faced with a clear acknowledgment that there is no simple moral discrimination possible between the inner-directed and the other-directed character, and that the two, indeed, represent not absolute distinctions but merely different emphases. Each can learn indefinitely from the other, so that the only plan of action, inside the Church and outside, is to encourage friendly contact and understanding—which means to be willing to change ourselves, not others, when we learn how to do so for the better.

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Conversation with Mauriac

DONAT O'DONNELL

"THEY used to say I was a Jew—you know Mauriac is also the name of a town, like many Jewish personal names; now they say I am of Arab descent." The gaunt high-cheek-boned face, beaten copper, with its arched nose, looks subtly flattered. "It is true that many of our Southern families probably have some Arab blood, far back." The speaker's famous whisper—recalling Claudel's *flute basse sous le bruit profane / Insolente comme une trompette*—is curiously content. There is in it the pride of race, deep-rooted things—"far back, is some Arab blood." There is also, perhaps, a touch of romanticism; was it fanciful to see in a certain curl of the lip, in a watchful narrowing of the eyes, the expression of one who is mentally trying on a *burnous* and who is, rightly, not displeased with the result? But the predominant note is the satisfaction of the fighter, who, hearing himself abused—the concern of the French Right with ethnic origins has never been purely scientific—knows that his blows have gone home. They have.

François Mauriac today is the object of that intense "personal" hatred which the more emotional sections of the Right are so apt to cherish for men of great ability and conservative background who have "gone wrong." The tone in which certain Republicans spoke of F.D.R., the tone in which his Tory contemporaries spoke and wrote of Gladstone in his later years, were, if anything, rather less vicious than the tone in which some Frenchmen—and Frenchwomen—speak of this Academician, this world famous novelist, until very recently a member of the board of France's leading Conservative newspaper, *Le Figaro*.

It is hard to think of any writer in modern times who has drawn such venom, but then it is hard to think of any modern writer whose career has paralleled M. Mauriac's. He has been for over a quarter of a century "an established writer"—too "established" and too prolific to preserve, at present, much literary influence over the young in France. *"Moi, vous parez, le tres vieux coco."* An old fogey who has won the Nobel Prize, an old fogey whose works are translated into a score of languages, whose reputation outside France continues to grow (a fact which gives him much satisfaction) but none the less, in the eyes of the French *avant-garde,* an indisputable fogey, listed and classified by Sartre. A Catholic novelist, of bourgeois background and traditional style, *de l'Académie Francaise*—an institution regarded with great contempt by those writers who do not happen to have been elected to it—what could be more *rangé,* on the shelf and a part of the established order?

The effect, then, when this totem started to denounce the abuses of French colonialism in Indo-China and North Africa, was rather as if a bust of Emerson should ope its marble jaws and begin to sing *The Red Flag.* Not quite; those who actually read M. Mauriac's works, as distinct from those who regard them as part of an abstract, laudable entity known as Catholic literature, were aware that this writer, whose early works were suspect for non-political reasons, had never thought of Catholicism as the true *bien-pensant* thinks of it—as a collection of spiritual title-deeds. But M. Mauriac's present assailants are not bookish men, and they think of him simply as a man who in a sudden fit of perversity has betrayed his class, his religion and his country—three categories which are, in minds of this type, inseparable. It is believed, both on the Right and the Left, that if M. Mauriac had visited North Africa in recent months he would almost certainly have been murdered by practitioners of what is quaintly described in most French newspapers as "counter-terrorism."

But on his desk, in his large and lofty study, is evidence of the gratitude which his words have inspired in the Moroccans: a photograph of the nationalist Sultan, Ben Youssef, with a warm dedication from the monarch himself. Curiously, the photograph lies on the desk, still covered by its folder. Reserve about the personality of the Sultan? Scarcely. M. Mauriac, while deprecating, like everyone else, the Sultan's early excesses, is full of admiration for the strong and spiritual personality he has now, in M. Mauriac's opinion, become. It is an admiration not untinged by realism, however; when I asked him the reasons for the recent "conversion" to Ben Youssef's cause of the Glaoui, the versatile Pasha of Marrakesh, M. Mauriac replied: "He had cold feet. However spiritual Ben Youssef is, he would have been quite capable of cutting off Glaoui's head." Nor, if the image of this vigorous descendant of the prophet remains discreetly veiled on M. Mauriac's

Donat O'Donnell, the Irish writer and critic, is the author of *Maria Cross.*

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desk, is it, I think, from any sense of its being incongruous. The masters who confront one from his walls—Baudelaire, Rimbaud—are, like M. Mauriac himself, essentially romantic, and, much more than M. Mauriac, rebels. The "rebel Sultan" would be at home in their company; not the less so in that his tastes run to polygamy and (perhaps) to bloody revenge.

Yet it remains significant that the portrait, though there, is covered. The reason, if I interpret it correctly, is that M. Mauriac retains personal friends among those who dislike the Sultan, as the French middle and upper classes generally do, and that he does not wish to offend them by unnecessarily obtruding his political convictions. Not that he wishes to conceal these convictions—all France knows them—but that he wishes to keep his personal relations as unaffected as possible by them. This charitable discretion is a far cry from Baudelaire, Rimbaud and, presumably, the Sultan, a far cry from the hostile popular image of M. Mauriac as "an old man in a hurry," whose one aim in life is to astonish the bourgeois and who at the same time—an implicit contradiction never worries critics of this type—is almost completely blinded by political passion and fanaticism.

M. ROGER STEPLANE, some years ago, made the acute remark that the only intellectuals who have succeeded in having any significant political influence in France were those who intervened as moralists, not as theoreticians or "social engineers." The Machiavellians, a Cardinal de Petz or a Maurras, have had little influence outside a small circle of "realistic little cads," in Bernanos' phrase. On the other hand, a Voltaire in the Calas case, a Zola in the Dreyfus case, demanding justice for a prisoner, shook a kingdom and a republic. To this tradition of Voltaire and Zola the Mauriac of today belongs. Historians will, no doubt, differ in their assessment of the political effect of his writings on North Africa and Indo-China, but they cannot fail to record that his eloquence and courage, backed by his prestige, made life a good deal harder for the advocates of repression.

If anyone doubts this he need only listen to one of M. Mauriac's enemies; the intensity of their feeling is the best evidence of the effectiveness of his intervention wherever there seemed to be a clear-cut moral issue: for example, whether the use of torture can be justified. When he writes on such matters as the composition of the Council of the Throne or the merits of different systems of proportional representation, the novelist who moved us seems to be lost in the politician—the Mendesian party-man to be specific—of whom we must always be a little wary. From this point of view it is probably a pity that he now writes in M. Mendès-France's *L'Express,* with whose policy he agrees, in-

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stead of in the Conservative *Figaro,* to many of whose readers he was a standing offense.

ALTHOUGH M. Mauriac is in this particular "moral" tradition of Voltaire and Zola, it is only to be expected that he should bring into that tradition a different style, a different way of feeling. He writes less from a concern with abstract justice than out of charity in the Christian sense, but with a twist of his own: a prompt discernment of cruelty and vehement conscious detestation of it, even where it could be defended on the grounds of justice. I write "conscious," not because I wish to engage in speculative psychoanalysis, but because, in the light of M. Mauriac's imaginative work, I do not feel justified in omitting the word. The novels of François Mauriac form, in one of their aspects, a Chamber of Horrors, of small, brilliantly lighted tableaux of cruelty and, more specifically, of personal humiliation.

To M. Mauriac the novelist, evil, his primary concern, has appeared as the denial or betrayal of human dignity; the power of evil, however—by a process which Mr. Lionel Trilling has justly analyzed in other writers—is apt to fascinate his heroes, as, say, the personality of Brigitte Pian impresses itself on the narrator of *La Pharisienne.* To M. Mauriac the political writer, imperialism, in its various forms, is the collective embodiment of evil, the denial, by one group of men, of the human dignity of another group. A certain French policy in North Africa is Brigitte Pian asserting that a pauper should not possess a piano. He fights his political Brigitte; he has hurt her; his pen has been among the forces which have obliged her to accept a personage whom she regards as odious and whom, two years ago, she had expelled from love. But ties of kinship are strong and François Mauriac has enough respect for Brigitte, who is human too, to spare her the humiliation of actually *seeing* the portrait on his desk.

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We stand, as Miss Lillian Hellman suggests in her introduction to the *Selected Letters,* in an ambiguous relation to Chekhov the dramatist. He has refined and extended the possibilities of dramatic form, and his methods (if not his intentions) dominate a large segment of the contemporary theater. In the four major plays, he has himself made one of the great statements about the nature of reality and the quality of being. Yet too often what we know, as theatrical spectators, is not so much Chekhov as it is "the Chekhovian": the muted and elegiac, the melancholy, the wistful. The modern temperament —so Mr. David Magarshack argues in his excellent study of Chekhov's dramaturgy—has responded disproportionately to those aspects of his personality, and stressed them at the expense of his total vision. What is more, Stanislavsky and the directors who followed him (for the theater of Chekhov belongs supremely to the director) have been responsible for systematically heightening the sombre colors of what are essentially plays of irony and effort and energy. Mr. Magarshack (supported by Chekhov's correspondence) is at pains to convince us that "The Cherry Orchard" is specifically "a comedy, and in places almost a farce"; Miss Hellman joins him in seeing the work as "sharp comedy."

The truth, perhaps, is a compromise of these an-

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tagonistic interpretations. I would myself prefer to call the plays comedies of persons and tragedies of society. They are lyrical and social: their private dramas are seen always in the perspective of a public fate, though not obscured by it. To illustrate: the full light of Chekhov's discrimination obviously falls on Mme. Ranevsky and her brother Gayeff; he takes their moral measure securely, and finds their spiritual soil too barren to nourish the tragic seed. Yet he sees the pathos of their situation as none the less genuine for that; however unable they may be to salvage their ancestral pieties, they have yet the sensibility to feel the loss. One need not read "The Cherry Orchard" as a sentimental melodrama of "traditional sanctity and loveliness" raped by a pragmatic industrialism, to realize that it is still the supreme portrait in modern world literature of the decline of the leisure class, and the advent of the *entrepreneur*. And Chekhov would not be the first artist to commemorate in his work values which his conscious mind repudiates.

It is the special virtue of Mr. Ross' production to crystallize these ambiguities, and delineate them firmly, in the terms of social class. One has, in consequence, a sharper sense of the humiliations and pretensions, the subtle antagonisms and loyalties which constitute the dramatic web of "The Cherry Orchard." Miss Elizabeth Farrar, the Mme. Ranevsky, for example, has been criticized for the extreme stylization of her portrait, yet do not these vanities and affectations reflect precisely the rather desperate, tatty elegancies of provincial society? Miss Farrar seems to me to place the character of Mme. Ranevsky at quite the right spiritual and dramatic depth, and her performance is not being sufficiently honored. So too with Mr. Louis Edmonds' resonant Gayeff. This is playing of a classical restraint and discretion: the surface values—of breeding, of presence—are there, but so is the judgment, embedded in the character. Because it is not obviously accessible, the quality of Mr. Edmonds' contribution to the performance has not been adequately recognized. I cannot imagine this role played with more authority and abstinent severity and intelligence. Miss Nancy Wickwire's Varya seems to me to intrude rather too heightened and shrill a note: should not the girl's suffering be more mute and animal, and the anachronistic flavor of neurosis subdued? Miss Wickwire's physical movement, however, is most affecting, and no one would deny her her intensities. The visionary student Trofimoff is placed by Mr. Gerald Hiken directly at the center: again, Mr. Hiken distills the exact blend of diffidence and feeling, of shabbiness and aspiration which, for Chekhov, characterized "the eternal student." Finally, to pay only the major tributes, Mr. George Ebeling's Lopakhin has in it the grittiness

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and homely texture of peasantry: he brings off the third act revelation *coup* with great power, and animates that act, indeed, with a momentum and urgency I had not known it previously to have. Under the tutelage of Mr. Ross, and with the assistance of their no less distinguished company, Miss Farrar and Miss Wickwire, Messrs. Edmonds and Hiken and Ebeling give full voice to the passionate lyricism of Chekhov's threnody for the lost illusions of youth. I have rarely been so stirred, or so continuously elated in the theater, as I was at this production of "The Cherry Orchard": there are passages in it brushed with the wing of perfection. (*At the 4th Street Theatre, 83 East 4th Street.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

PALANCE IN THE PALACE PARLOR

YOU probably won't believe a single scene in "The Big Knife," but neither, if you have any interest in theatrical flair, will you be able to tear yourself away from the picture one minute before its sordid finale. "The Big Knife," the latest Hollywood-made exposé of Hollywood, is plunged farther than its predecessors ("The Bad and the Beautiful," "Sunset Boulevard," "The Barefoot Contessa") in sin, cynicism and the sinister—so much farther, in fact, that even if its story were true, it would seem incredible. Because most of the characters are so thoroughly unpleasant, moviegoers are going to have difficulty projecting themselves into the plot, as interesting and suspenseful as it is. The main character is a top movie star (Jack Palance) who, having lived on the fat of the land after losing his integrity, suddenly develops ideals and refuses to sign a new contract with his producer. But this producer, a man of overwhelming power played to the hilt by Rod Steiger, seemingly holds the whip hand; he would even use for his own purposes a well-hushed-up scandal that sent a studio publicity man to jail as a hit-and-run driver instead of the real culprit, the actor. What really disturbs the actor is that his wife (Ida Lupino) threatens to leave him if he signs the long-term contract with this evil producer.

What James Poe, who wrote the screenplay from Clifford Odets' very angry stage play of a few years ago, never makes quite clear is what these hedonistic people want out of life. Producer-director Robert Aldrich has got exciting performances from his cast

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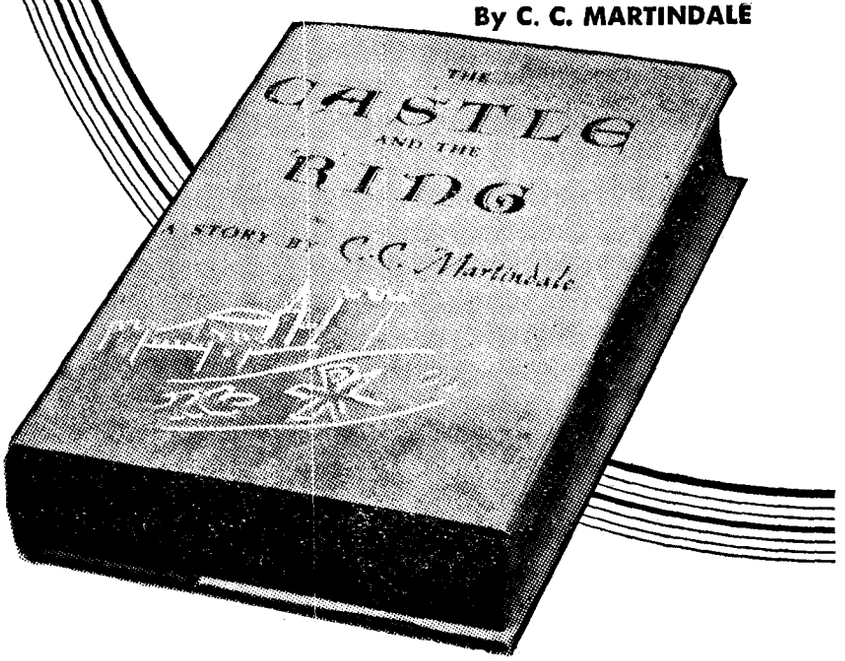

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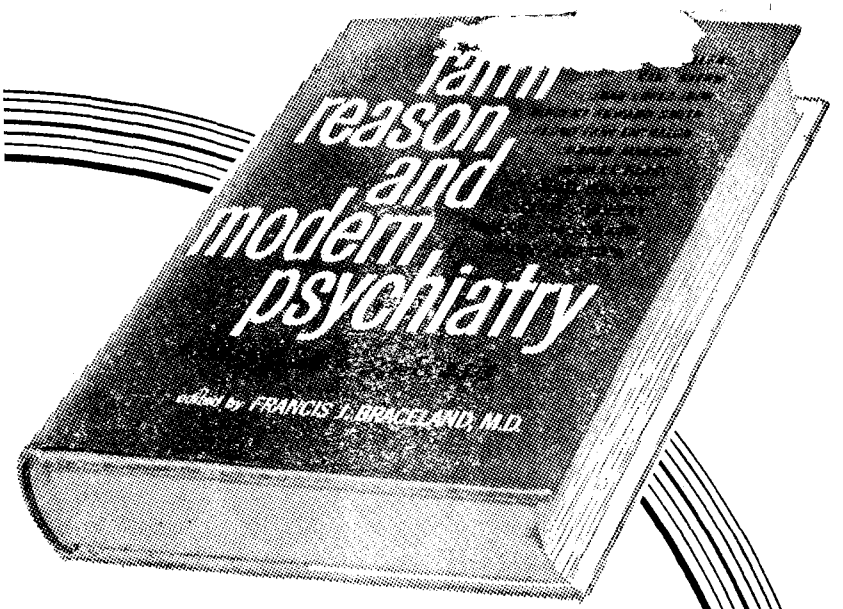

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but he has constructed the picture in a peculiar series of big scenes, any one of which is dramatically powerful in itself, but all of which add up to a strangely artificial whole. Almost spellbinding are the scenes in which the actor, the producer, the actor's agent (Everett Sloane) and the producer's man-of-all-dirty-work (Wendell Corey) meet to wrangle over the contract, or the later scene in which the actor tries to quiet the girl (Shelley Winters) who was with him at the time of the hit-and-run accident, or the painful scene in which the studio publicity man berates Palance for having an affair with his wife (Jean Hagen). In spite of not caring for anyone in this story, one hopes throughout that the producer will get his come-uppance. He does, but even victory is defeat in this cynical picture of the people who make pictures.

JACK PALANCE, who plays the distressed movie star in "The Big Knife," and Shelley Winters, who brilliantly plays a small role in the same film, star in "I Died a Thousand Times," a gangster-type movie that brings no great credit to them or to anyone else connected with it. This story about a big caper, which has a duly proper crime-does-not-pay tag at the end after running an interminably long time to show us how gangsters operate, was written by W. R. Burnett, and i should have been left back in the good old days when the movies were working overtime to make it clear that a gangster often had a heart of gold beneath his tough exterior. The new version doesn't make anything very clear; and even the acting is pretty stilted. Furthermore if you scratch that heart of gold, you discover it's only gilt.

MOVIEGOERS who want a little warming entertainment that doesn't have even a touch of the cynical or sinister can revel in "Three Stripes in the Sun," a delightful film about some GI's in Japan who help put an orphanage on its feet. Richard Murphy, who directed the picture and wrote the script from a New Yorker piece, "The Gentle Wolfhound" by E. J. Kahn, Jr., handled the whole thing with just the right amounts of realism and sentiment to keep the story from getting sticky. Of course you know that Aldo Ray, as a sergeant who has a post-war bitterness about all the Japanese, will acquire a little charity when he brushes up against the pitifully deprived Japanese kids. And of course you know that the gruff sergeant will strike up an incongruous and pleasant friendship with Sister Genevieve (Camille Janclaire) and the other Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul who run the impecunious orphanage. What you may not expect, however, is that the Army will cooperate with the sergeant's big plans or that Aldo can collect enough from his Wolfhound Regiment to build a new and modern orphanage. And what I certainly did not expect from a movie like this was so much straight talk from the Colonel (Phil Carey) when Aldo and a lovely Japanese girl (Mitsuko Kimura) fell in love.

I liked the movie enough so that I'd enoy seeing a sequel about what happened to the orphanage later and what happened to Aldo and Mitsuko after they decided to get married. "Three Stripes in the Sun" is only the beginning—but an awfully good one.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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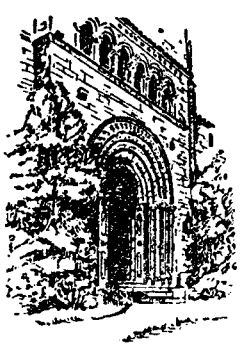

Prospective students should make early application

OF NOTE

THE CARDINAL'S ADVICE

IN THE issue of November 5, 1955, the official weekly of the Boston Archdiocese, *The Pilot* (49 Franklin St., Boston 10, Mass.) contained an editorial on the role of the Catholic Press. The complete editorial follows:

Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles addressed a regional meeting of the Catholic Press on the West

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Coast this week and asked for a stronger editorial policy in Catholic papers. "You have a potential power," he said, "which is not being realized. Newspapers cannot be neutral. They must have a policy. Right or wrong we do not admit of neutrality. A newspaper must have a policy which invokes the virtue of fortitude and couples it with temperance and charity."

These words, which echo those of Cardinal Stritch at an earlier meeting two years ago in Chicago, express a healthy dissatisfaction with the present state of the Catholic press and point out that we have available much more power than we have had the wits, up to now, to make use of. Those of us who are close to the work of the press readily acknowledge this to be true and we have been anxiously inquiring of ourselves why it is so. In the interest of continuing a discussion that could be immensely fruitful we would like to suggest what seems to us the principal hazard preventing progress at the moment. It is *fear* and especially the fear of being wrong!

For some reason Catholic editors, especially those on diocesan papers, have been boxed into a position where it is taken for granted that they speak for the Church. This is an immense folly but even where editors do not take it seriously it sometimes happens that the readers labor under this most erroneous impression. This is much more of a handicap than might be readily supposed. From experience most of us know that it takes a long while to convince people that the local diocesan paper represents not *the* Catholic point of view but merely *a* Catholic point of view. It is possible (even desirable) that many readers find themselves unsympathetic to the particular treatment of a subject they may find in their local Catholic paper. That paper should be happy to publish their reflections, grammatically and persuasively presented, in a subsequent issue. Discussion and perspective in this way help all minds toward truth.

The timidity which cripples the Catholic press is furthered by the urge to speak of all matters in some final and definitive way. Life and the issues involved in it are far too complex for this kind of treatment, and even where principles are clear their application in each case is fraught with all the dangers of the shifting and the contingent. These dangers may seem insurmountable and even untouchable to the one who feels he must be a total answer man or else be silent. To consider the questions with humility and reasonableness, however, in the hope of making progress toward a solution is the more proper function of the Catholic editor and it has the added advantage of removing the source of most of our fears.

In simple terms no one should expect the Catholic paper to be a kind of crystal ball with views of the future and knowledge of hidden secrets. Our strength is our ability to apply Christian principles to the passing scene in honest and effective appraisal; our hope is that from this other minds may be led toward solutions consistent with these principles. If we do what is required of us and make pretense at nothing more, our fears can be banished and our potential, as the Cardinal suggests, can be more nearly realized.

DESIRE NOT THE NIGHT

Desire not the night when people are cut off—Job.

A boy sits reading his poem to me:
"Today, a peaceful day, I pace the beach . . ."
Standing and listening with my two arms plumb
On the sill of his window, I look out
Into the vast cinerama of night:
The insensate headlights of a single car
Peer through the darkness, suddenly blink out
And reappear before me, blindingly,
Are blotted from my sight beyond the screen:
Is not the heart as momentarily
Fixed in our vision and extinguished?

Summer deceived us with its pledge of gulls
And islands drifting luminously in view,
Saying: this shore is an eternity—
But waves march up like armies, cover
Over sand and rushes, speechless rock.
One night in August I watched a bluefish glide
Phosphorescently beneath the wharf,
Driving on in such mysterious,
Interminable loveliness, I thought.
But on the morning in a seaweed tangle
I found his body floating to the beach—
How will the heart encounter winter losses?

The night is windowless and void, our home,
The orphanage we are forever leaving.
The stars will tell us we are strangers here,
Every moon utter our unbelonging.
High in the heavens, huddled close together,
I see the passengers of a night-bound plane
Roar on to their predestined airport
Beyond the universe of heedless stars.
And I, even as I swim and spin
In the bright whirlpool of a boy's poem,
Suddenly am pulled to stillness and
Turning, find that he is gone,
The cube of sunlight of the room blacked out,
His kite of song hurled down in lakes of darkness.

JAMES F. COTTER, S.J.

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The Writer as Vengeful Moralist

THE DEER PARK. By Norman Mailer. Putnam. $4.

By WILLIAM PFAFF

I WONDER if the novelist is not dangerously overrated in this country. The key to national status as intellectual and spokesman for ideas is the writing of a novel. Critics have their journals, but a minute audience. Essayists and philosophers still exist, but we probably are seeing the last of them, and in another ten or twenty years they will be known to America only as reconstructed exhibits at the American Museum of Natural History. The journalists have come up fast but still have nothing of the peculiar status and influence of the novelist. And this development is highly dangerous to the novelist. He is no longer content to be only a novelist. He must provide us with whys, meanings and conclusions. Perhaps it would benefit the writer to be sent back to the time when he was entertainer or ghost kept on the string of a monarch to take over when the lutists and falconers tired.

Norman Mailer is a case in point. Mr. Mailer is an excellent writer with admirable and serious intentions, devotion and zeal. But he insists on explaining the meaning of life, and I, for one, would prefer to get that from someone other than the artist—explicitly, that is. If Mr. Mailer were content to show me art without explaining it, I would be happier with his work.

In this book he has taken a big and worthy subject: the people who make up the motion picture industry. His spokesman is a young military pilot who has been shaken up by his experiences in indiscriminately spewing napalm about and has come home with a large sum of money collected in a crap game and the desire to think things out. He goes to a desert resort in the southwest where he falls in with the movie set: a first-rate director banished from Hollywood for having refused to name names at a Congressional hearing on Communism; a star who falls in love, in her fashion, with the pilot; an Italian flamenco dancer who goes to live with the director; and an assortment of producers and pimps. Mr. Mailer then takes these people through their love and hate affairs with people and with Hollywood—that is, themselves. The director eventually decides to cooperate with the Congressional committee and reestablish himself in Hollywood with the flamenco dancer as his unhappy wife. The star decides that Hollywood is more important than the flier. The flier decides to go to Mexico and become a bullfighter. (And the man who popularizes a new dodge for writers to use as symbol of art-death-truth will have my thanks. What about jaguar hunting in Central America, or *jai alai* or *Kendo?*)

All of this is done very well. Mr. Mailer tends to sacrifice form for getting it all in, but that is another national characteristic. (He also does not mind incongruity: in the middle comes a brittle, straight-faced farcical scene where the producer tries to marry off his stars. It could have been plucked out of *Black Mischief,* and has nothing in common with anything else in this book.) The point is that these people do have real existence: Mailer has, I think, shown better than anyone else the position of the movie-maker, his fascination with his art, and the forces which affect him, from the uncomplicated desire for security to the exhilarating creation of a scenario to the bitter corner-blunting of professionalism. None of the motivations are cheap. Mr. Mailer makes the recantation of the director a comprehensible thing, and he makes the star an interesting—if less successful—figure of the ambitious young woman. The Italian girl is particularly successful because she is lifted out of what might have been terrible convention—the hot-blooded Latin, half tramp, half *hausfrau.* This one is a lot more than a convention.

So Mr. Mailer indignantly shows these people running, running, running. It is this which has caused the book to be compared with *The Last Tycoon.* But the difference between Mr. Mailer and Scott Fitzgerald is that Fitzgerald had as his spokesman a bond salesman, not a bullfighter seeking philosophy; and he had Dick Diver go back to the Fingerlakes where he probably is today, a rather old man now, and he did not have Diver sum it all up in the last chapter. Mr. Mailer sums it up by telepathic communication between Hollywood and Greenwich Village.

This book is being promoted as a sensational sex-book. But Mr. Mailer is not a panderer; he is a vengeful moralist. His story includes a good deal of sexual perversion, and the point of it all is to tell us how admirable true love is by contrast. (But true love remains as intangible as the meaning of life; I wonder if naiveté is not also part of the American novelists' baggage.) This is neither a cheap nor a simple book. There is a lot wrong with it, but more that is right. Mr. Mailer simply is not the kind of writer who produces books which can be judged successful or unsuccessful. He piles up enormously talented stuff, some of it incongruous, some of it boozy and pretentious, and it is both successful and unsuccessful, good and bad, but it is serious and worth the respect of the serious reader.

Bemused Hero

IN ANOTHER COUNTRY. By John Bayley. Coward-McCann. $3.

By W. J. SMITH

THIS English first novel by John Bayley will be a welcome addition to the libraries of admirers of Henry Green and other purveyers of civilized understatement. It is a little difficult on finishing *In Another Country* to realize that its subject matter has been espionage, military occupation, betrayal, courts martial, sudden death, and unhappy love. The author has chosen to ignore the exciting aspects of his characters' lives and concentrate up-

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on the subtleties of their personal relationships.

The hero, if such he can be called, is one of Henry Green's well-bred, instinctually sound, but rather befuddled young men whose destiny moves in paths that surprise but do not disconcert him. Oliver Childers is a young British Intelligence officer stationed in Occupied Germany and engaged in a mild love affair with a competent and calculating German girl. Oliver is very definitely not master of his own fate, but, as he observes happily, "Not to be master of one's fate often saves one from a real perception of life's shortcomings."

Oliver's friend and colleague, the Machiavellian Duncan Holt, is very much the master of his fate, and of Oliver's too. Duncan's machinations bring Oliver's German idyll to an abrupt and disastrous end. Undaunted by experience Oliver returns to England and takes up once more with his driving and strong-minded friend. The results are equally disastrous. Oliver comes to realize that what was done in another country is not sealed off and that the muddles that were made live after one. The novel comes to an end that is intended to give the effect of a conclusion but does not quite succeed.

The over-all effect of *In Another Country* is unfortunately lugubrious. A hero who falls into a dead faint at the prospect of a happy reunion with his lover could be amusing and could be touching, but the author has made him neither. Oliver drifts through the book without direction and without even emotion sufficient to arouse him to resentment against his self-seeking companions. It is impossible to feel much about him one way or the other, even as a commentary on the vagaries of man's fate. The hero of Henry Green's *Back* drifts bemused through life in much the manner of Oliver Childers, but Green's inarticulate hero has a vitality and a capacity for happiness that enlists the reader on his side, whereas Bayley's Oliver leaves one indifferent. His petty villain, Duncan, draws forth a more sympathetic response. Duncan's nastiness is at least lively

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and human compared to Oliver's weak-kneed niceness.

This essential weakness, however, does not leave the book by any means unreadable or unentertaining. Bayley has a capacity for witty commentary and comic character sketching that make the book worth reading for those qualities alone. Indeed, since Isherwood no one has written more felicitously of the amusing paradoxes of the German character. There is, for example, the German lady who is a connoisseur of armies, comparing them—Russians, Germans, Americans, British, and all—with a balanced and impersonal eye. And there is Herman, ex-Wehrmacht soldier, unquenchably Teutonic even as he deprecates everything German, snapping his fingers and remarking *"Goethe ist nichts!"* Or the British colonel who eats the soporific lotus of another country and plays badminton in the town hall, as indifferent to the entire Occupation as to the Germans, "like a Grande Dame who thought nothing of being seen naked by her menservants."

Many American novel readers turn to the contemporary British writers for their entertainment, not from any Anglophilia but because American novelists have largely neglected the rich field of social comedy and psychological analysis of personal relationships. At this the British have particularly excelled, as witness Huxley, Waugh, Green, Compton-Burnett, and others. The British brew is not, of course, everyone's cup of tea, but it is a comforting and stimulating drink. Bayley continues in the best of this tradition. This first novel will not establish his reputation at a great height, but subsequent, more carefully designed work may put him well up with the rest of his bright, pungent and ironically amused colleagues.

Bloody Man, Bloodless Book

HITLER. By Otto Dietrich. Regnery. $3.95.

By VICTOR C. FERKISS

THE nature of Hitlerism continues to be a matter of great importance and any book which purports to shed new light on this baffling phenomenon has a claim on our attention. The latest addition to a growing genre is *Hitler* by Otto Dietrich. Written in a British internment camp during the year following the collapse of the "Thousand Year Reich," it was published only after Dietrich's death, to guarantee its "objectivity."

Otto Dietrich served as Hitler's chief of press relations from 1933 until 1945. In this capacity he had considerable opportunity to observe Hitler at close range—though his information on policy matters was largely confined to the information which Hitler, aware of the value of secrecy, wished transmitted to the public. Mr. Dietrich's testimony, therefore, consists of a number of intimate glimpses of Hitler's personality coupled with a disquisition on Hitler's career which could have been written by almost anyone.

The section of the book dealing with Hitler as a person is episodic and ill-organized. It yields no new information of any great significance. However, Mr. Dietrich does observe, on the basis of his knowledge of the day-to-day operations of the party, that Hitler received very little aid from German business circles—a valuable antidote to the more naive Marxian interpretations of Hitler's rise.

In Mr. Dietrich's book Hitler appears as a basically dull individual of relatively commonplace habits and interests, who went to extreme lengths to indulge his poor artistic tastes and who had a gift for muddy rhetoric. As a matter of fact, Mr. Dietrich's bland recital of mediocre traits deepens rather than illuminates the mystery of Hitler's personal magnetism and of his ferocious cruelty.

Mr. Dietrich's generalizations about German political affairs are themselves quite commonplace. Hitler is presented as a sincere pro-

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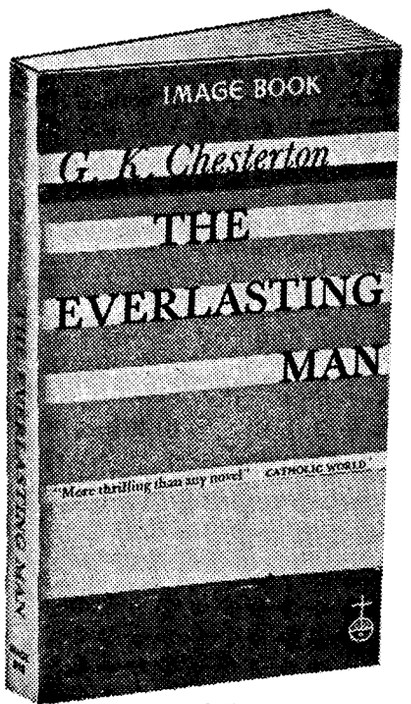

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ponent of German national greatness whose early "progressive" achievements on the domestic scene were, somewhat inexplicably, succeeded by "reactionary" excursions into an ill-conceived and objectionable policy of seeking the domination of Europe through power politics. This policy failed, according to Mr. Dietrich, because Hitler's limitations led to misconceptions about his opponents and caused him to underestimate the role of moral convictions in international affairs.

Hitler is blamed for all the atrocities of Nazism. The German people are exonerated from any complicity in Hitler's foreign adventures: they allegedly followed him blindly because of their approval of his "socialistic" domestic program. The economic appeal of Nazism has been underestimated by most commentators. Mr. Dietrich does not redress the balance by his emphasis on this aspect of National Socialism to the exclusion of all others. Is it possible that Hitler's press chief had not read *Mein Kampf* and that he failed to recognize that the Nazi bid for continental domination was implicit all along in the whole party program?

It is fashionable and often reasonable to praise a book for its calm, balanced treatment of a controversial topic. But "balance" is valuable only when the subject renders it appropriate. Mr. Dietrich's "objective" approach to his subject provides little in the way of explicit explanation of the causes of Hitler's rise and continued power. Mr. Dietrich's very insensitivity, however, creates the suspicion that not romantic delusion but lack of imagination played a decisive part in his judgment. How else could this repentant associate of such a bloody figure have written such a bloodless book?

REVIEWERS

William Pfaff is a former associate editor of The Commonweal and a regular reviewer.

W. J. Smith is a free-lance writer living in New York.

Victor C. Ferkiss is a member of the faculty of St. Mary's College in California.

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Critics' Choices for Christmas

ELIZABETH BARTELME

THESE are among the books I have most enjoyed during the past year: Marianne Moore's *Predilections* (Viking, $3.50), a collection of sensitive essays chiefly devoted to poetry and filled with perceptions that enrich the imagination as well as arouse intense admiration for the artist's sure handling of the language. *The Cypresses Believe in God* (Knopf, $10.), José María Gironella's magnificent novel of Spain that probes deeply the Spanish character and the nature of the conflicts that precipitated the bitter Civil War of the '30's. *My Life for My Sheep* by Alfred Duggan (Coward-McCann, $5.00), a sharply delineated portrait of Thomas à Becket whose strength matched and finally overwhelmed that of his king and brought Thomas to his death. Mr. Duggan has kept his satirical gifts in check in this book, but they still subtly inform his lively account and are one of the factors that make this superior biography a top-level performance. Flannery O'Connor's *A Good Man Is Hard to Find* (Harcourt Brace, $3.50), short stories of the deep-South genre and none better. The characters in these stories are as true as the situations are macabre; reality and a remarkable originality mark Flannery O'Connor's talent. *Rocking-Horse Catholic* (Sheed & Ward, $2.75), Caryll Houselander's spiritual autobiography. A moving account of her initial reception into the Church and of her later rejection of it, of a broken home life and constant struggles against acute neuroticism, and finally of her complete commitment, as an adult, to Catholicism. A truly beautiful and not-to-be-missed book. *The Season of the Year* by John Moore (Collins, London), the diary of a naturalist who enjoys examining the specimens in country pubs as much as those in his butterfly net, whose knowledge of cricket is as broad as his understanding of the migrating habits of eels, and whose humor, country-bred and city-sharpened, is as deft as sleight-of-hand. *Poetry and the Age* by Randall Jarrell, a Vintage reprint (95¢), serious, witty and intelligent criticism in one chapter of which Mr. Jarrell examines his critical colleagues under a microscope with uproarious results.

WILLIAM CLANCY

THE following list makes no pretensions to being a selection of the year's "best" books. It is glaringly personal. Only one entry, *The Cypresses Believe in God,* seems to me assured of permanent stature in world literature. Yet, in various ways, political, social, or moral, each of these five books treats with arresting pertinence of some central dilemmas of our time:

The Cypresses Believe in God. By José María Gironella. Knopf. $10. Historical novels stand in notorious danger of romantic oversimplification. When one overcomes this danger, when it captures the complexity and the tragic ambiguity which in all eras leave men

CRITICS

Elizabeth Bartelme is on the staff of a prominent New York publishing house.

William Clancy, formerly associate editor of The Commonweal, has recently joined the editorial staff of *Newsweek*.

Anne Fremantle, a contributing editor of this magazine, edited the newly published *Christmas Is Here*.

James Greene is a New York journalist who contributes frequent reviews to The Commonweal.

Michael Harrington regularly contributes articles on literary and political issues to a number of American journals.

Richard Hayes is the drama critic of The Commonweal.

Will Herberg, well-known for his analysis of religio-cultural problems, is the author of *Protestant, Catholic, Jew*.

Jean Holzhauer is a frequent reviewer of fiction for The Commonweal and other journals.

Father J. N. Moody is a member of the faculty of Cathedral College, New York.

Henry Popkin, member of the faculty of Brandeis University, reviews frequently for this magazine.

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divided and afraid as they meet the issues of life, then we have a book of this high quality. The Spanish Civil War was not some morality play, as partisans on both sides insist. It was rather a struggle of epic grandeur in which the mean and the mighty, the noble and the base, were hopelessly confused. Señor Gironella knows this, and out of his knowledge he has made a forever moving novel.

The Public Philosophy. By Walter Lippmann. Little, Brown. $3.50.

Readers will find little that is new in Mr. Lippmann's exposition of those perennial principles (Catholics call them the Natural Law) which are the basis and guarantor of both political order and human freedom, but in this book the principles are concisely, and incisively, restated. There are important practical points over which I would argue with Mr. Lippmann, but on the whole his book seems to me an important summing up of a position to which most Americans, "liberal" or "conservative," could subscribe.

Captain Dreyfus. By Nicholas Halasz. Simon & Schuster. $3.50. This is by no means a great or definitive book, but it is a brilliant one, and one which would be valuable reading for the contemporary American Right—for those people so enamored of "security" that they think current worries over individual freedom mere "left-wing propaganda." The Dreyfus affair will long be a classic text on the individual versus the State, and it will be long before a more readable, more morally engaging commentary on the text is made.

The Pillar of Salt. By Albert Memmi. Criterion. $3.75. This novel, the story of a man lost between two worlds and hopelessly seeking a shelter for his obscured identity, seems to me a kind of minor masterpiece. Translated from the French, it is surely one of the most sensitively beautiful (if I dare use the phrase) novels of the year.

Notes and Letters. Vol. I. By Elinor Castle Nef. Edited by John U. Nef. Ward Ritchie Press. $4. This book, published two years ago, has been scarcely noticed in the American press; it is perhaps too quiet, too graceful, too private for public scrutiny. But it records, with rare beauty, the random reflections —on art, on people, on culture and on life—of an eminently civilized, eminently generous woman, and there can be few volumes in any year so truly rewarding.

ANNE FREMANTLE

Muhammad's People. By Eric Schroeder. Wheelwright. $10. This bumper anthology of Islamic lit-

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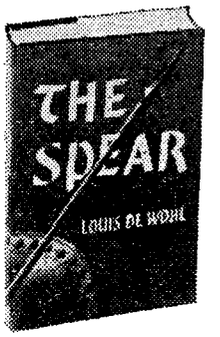

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History of Christian Philosophy in the Middle Ages. By Etienne Gilson. Random House. $7.50. The masterpiece of the greatest living medieval historian—a bird's eye view of a thousand years of European thought, creamed by the author of such classics as *The Mystical Theology of St. Bernard, The Unity of Philosophical Experience,* etc. There are admirable chapters on fascinating people such as Abelard and William of Ockham. A library in itself, and essential for the mythical desert island.

The Wise Man from the West. By Vincent Cronin. Dutton. $4.50. The life of Matteo Ricci, which foreshadows that of modern missionaries like Pere de Foucauld and Father Bede Griffiths. An exciting account of the East in the days of the great caravans. Adventure, travel and sanctity, excellently described.

The Golden String. By Bede Griffiths. Kenedy. $3.50. The autobiography of a young Englishman who experienced all the intellectual and emotional stresses of his time, who was pacifist, vegetarian, atheist, etc. and came to the Church by experimenting with various forms of being, thinking and feeling. One of the greatest and simplest of contemporary pilgrim's progresses.

JAMES GREENE

TWO things have conspired this year to make a choice like this difficult. It is a year in which an uncommon number of good books have been published; and it is one that has afforded me too little time to read even the best of them. One does what one can, however.

The inclusion of a paperback among my personal choices is, I think, unavoidable. This phenomenon of American publishing is now adding exciting—and previously impossible—intellectual dimensions to our national reading.

This year, too, I have gone back to some other older things—like Maurice O'Sullivan's *Twenty Years Agrowing* and Dickens' *Bleak House.* Books like these may be reread in any year, and the following current choices, I suspect, fall into this happy category.

The Malediction. By Jean Giono. Criterion. $3. Giono hardly needs recommendation. This story of a French family struggling against a curse goes forward in a theme and mood as old as literature itself. *The Malediction* was generally ignored by reviewers; the public did little better. The intensity of this book's style, however, gives the lie to charges that modern writing is cynical. Giono's writing is rooted in one of man's most basic interests—his desire to know what can destroy him.

Six Plays of Strindberg. Translated by Elizabeth Sprigge. Anchor. $1.25. This volume includes three of the "naturalist" and three of the "expressionist" works of the Scandinavian. The revived, or more properly the growing, general interest in Strindberg is more important as a social than as a literary fact. We return in these plays to the person—the "woman," the "man," the "father"—at a time when the person's very existence seems threatened by something impersonal. Strindberg's plays deal with essentials in close combat with equal essentials.

Satan in Goray. By Issac Bashevis Singer. Noonday. $3. Set in seventeenth century Poland, this novel, translated from the Yiddish, is concerned with false prophets, diabolic possession and plague in a small Jewish community. The Cabbalists play a central role. Newly published, it, too, is not receiving adequate notice in our book review sections, and one hopes that private enthusiasm will overcome this public loss. This is a lean and tragic book, with the authentic stance of history.

The New American Right. Edi-

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ted by Daniel Bell. Criterion. $4. My one venture here into non-fiction. The "right" of the title is the *radical* right, the clamped jaw political set which has recently been so much with us. Most of this book's essays are sociological in their approach to the "status" concept of super-patriotism. This is an eager first try at explaining some unhappy facts of the last decade.

RICHARD HAYES

MUSEUM PIECES. By William Plomer. Noonday. $3.50.

THE PICNIC AT SAKKARA. By P. H. Newby. Knopf. $3.

AN ITALIAN VISIT. By C. Day Lewis. Harper. $3.50.

AGAMEMNON. By William Alfred. Knopf. $3.

THE FLOWER IN DRAMA & GLAMOUR. By Stark Young. Scribners. $3.

WILLA CATHER LIVING. By Edith Lewis. Knopf. $3.

A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt. $3.75.

MR. PLOMER's elegy for a private world out of joint with time is one of the triumphs of postwar English fiction. *Museum Pieces* solves superbly the problem of 'values' and 'form' in the novel: its feeling is spontaneous, masculine and rational; its structure an edifice of order, elegance and wit. On the basis of this novel alone, Mr. Plomer would seem to be the great unexplored quantity in contemporary British writing.

Mr. P. H. Newby's comedy of international bad manners takes place under a troubled Egyptian sun. The supple, adroit sensibility of *The Picnic at Sakkara,* its outrageously bland and ironic flavor, the humorous insight into national temperament give it a unique place in our anxious literature of the collision of East and West. And what a pleasure it is to find genuine comic energy released in the novel of contemporary life! I might add that Mr. Newby's prose, like Mr. Plomer's, is built to endure.

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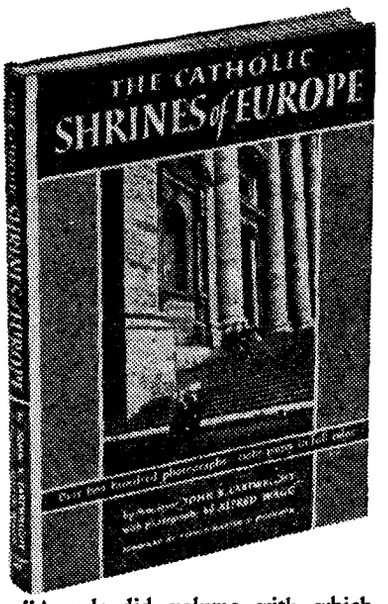

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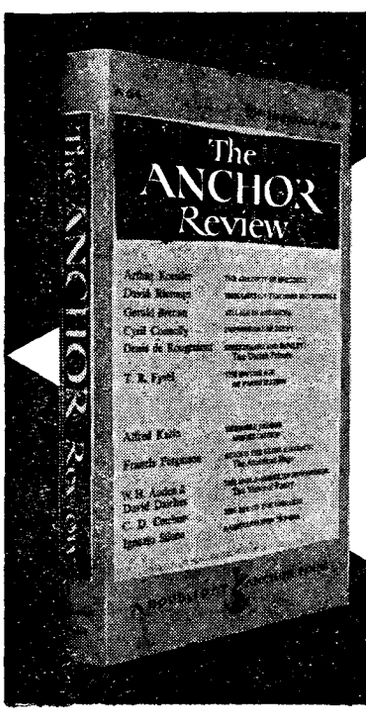

THE ANCHOR REVIEW #1

Original articles by André Malraux, David Riesman, W. H. Auden, Cyril Connolly, Alfred Kazin, Ignazio Silone, Arthur Koestler, Denis de Rougement, Gerald Brenan and others on art, literature, philosophy, travel and science launch this first issue of a new international magazine. Future issues, to be published semi-annually, will continue to present the main currents in modern thought through articles by the world's leading critics, scholars, journalists, and scientists.

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LOVE OF OUR NEIGHBOR

Edited by Albert Ple, O.P., and translated by Donald Attwater and R. F. Trevett.

This is a landmark of contemporary Christian thought. It is a collection of some of the most informed French Catholic opinion on a problem which Catholics, taken by and large, have failed to solve. Particularly fascinating are the chapters on *Psychoanalysis* by Dr. Nodet and the *Economics of Giving* by Jean Thomas. $3.95

WELCOME

by Mother M. Loyola

This series of devotions before and after Communion is among the most popular of all spiritual writings in English. As a recent notice in the London *Tablet* says: "There will be few, if any, among our older readers who grew up in Catholic homes who have not at one time possessed a copy of it. . ."

Welcome was introduced and edited in England in 1904 by Father Herbert Thurston, the renowned Jesuit author, and has since that time been many times re-printed. This is a new and entirely re-set edition which is sure to be warmly received by a new generation of readers. $2.50

THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

by Anne Catherine Emmerich

The Life of the Blessed Virgin is one of the spiritual classics of the Western World. The works of Sister Emmerich have brought praise from such distinguished writers as Gerard Manley Hopkins, Paul Claudel, J. K. Huysmans and Jacques Maritain. This English translation, the first in almost half a century, has been made by Sir Michael Palairet, the former British Ambassador to Greece. No claim to historical truth is made for the visions, yet they correspond remarkably with what scholars have learned from Scripture and the Jewish ritual of the time. More than 30,000 copies are now in print. $3.75

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and Mr. William Alfred's verse tragedy *Agamemnon*. The public poem has suffered in our time a decline of prestige: *An Italian Visit* potently revivifies the form. These Roman meditations, alternately jaunty and elegiac, record with delight and a special immediacy the impact of an alien culture on one of the authentic poetic sensibilities of our generation. Mr. Alfred's *Agamemnon* is an astonishing performance, not merely as a contemporary gloss on Aeschylus, but as a dramatic structure with its own vision and logic and intensities. Both of these dramatic poems have accessible passion and momentum, and their muscular, flexible language is perhaps their major achievement.

I need not at this point dilate upon my regard for the work of Stark Young. *The Flower in Drama* is a long overdue reissue of one of the seminal studies in American dramatic criticism. Its quiet authority and wisdom exert an irresistible attraction in this age of shrill opinion-mongering and collapsing standards.

Miss Lewis has written with exemplary tact an oblique memoir of one of the most reticent lives in our literature. Mrs. Woolf's *A Room of One's Own* is a memorial relic, beautifully chisled, of a moral and social battle long since won. These accounts are notable for their quiet felicity of art, and the grave, peripheral portraits they paint of a way of life that is fast becoming, to us, only a memory: the disinterested contemplation of value, the interior life of the spirit and the heart.

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

THESE are among the books that I have found most interesting in fifty-five. *Selected Poems of Frederico Garcia Lorca. Ed. by Francisco Garcia Lorca and Donald M. Allen. New Directions $1.75.* A few years ago, Lorca translations (like the one by Spender in the Thirties) were hard to get. Recently, there has been a flood of Lorca in English. I found this collection excellent, both as to quality of translation and in terms of providing a general introduction to a great poet.

The Deer Park, by Norman Mailer. Putnam. $4. I found this novel honest, well written, a work of artistic integrity. I regret that the naivete of many of those who reviewed it may discourage the serious reader from forming his own opinion.

Part of Our Time, by Murray Kempton. Simon & Schuster. $4. I disagree with some of the author's assumptions—a tendency to read a current satisfaction with reform backwards into a revolutionary period—but it remains an insightful, excellently written and honest attempt to restore a semblance of sanity to the interpretation of the Thirties.

Two paper backs are on my list as a representative of the genre, both of them especially original publishing ventures in a very original line: the *Four Stages of Renaissance Style* by Wylie Sypher (the

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discussion of Mannerism I found particularly fascinating) and the reprint of Panofsky's *Meaning in the Visual Arts*.

Myth of Sisyphus. By Albert Camus. Knopf. $3.50. This translation makes the earliest work of one of our period's most provocative intellectuals available in English. Somebody should get around to his plays one of these days. Camus is an agonizingly honest man, and this new translation deserves to be widely read.

WILL HERBERG

THE books I remember best as I look back on the past year's reading are not all necessarily "great" books. Some will very probably prove of enduring significance; others are of more limited pretensions. What makes me remember them, and remember them together at this time, is that they have all, each in its own way, been intellectually exciting, engaging my interest and stirring my imagination far beyond the average run of books that have come my way. Something must, no doubt, be allowed for the bias of my predilections and interests, but I am persuaded that these six books really have something to say to all of us who are struggling for understanding amidst the perplexities of our time.

The Self and the Dramas of History. By Reinhold Niebuhr. Scribners. $3.75. A profound and moving analysis of the three dialogues of the self—with itself, with its neighbor, and with God—in the course of which the deepest problems of human existence are touched upon.

Martin Buber: The Life of Dialogue. By Maurice S. Friedman. Chicago. $6. A clear, comprehensive, and thoroughly documented presentation of the teachings of Martin Buber, the great Jewish existentialist thinker, whose seminal mind has deeply influenced so much of contemporary religious thought. Mr. Friedman really understands Buber and communicates his understanding to the reader.

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Clinton Rossiter. Knopf. $4. A conservative-minded account of conservatism in American political thought. It is a thoroughly informed study, balanced and judicious, and will no doubt play its part in the forming of the "new conservatism" for which it is a plea.

The Public Philosophy. By Walter Lippmann. Little, Brown. $3.50. Mr. Lippmann calls himself a liberal, but this earnest, thoughtful examination of the crisis of contemporary democracy places him squarely in the conservative tradition as defined by Mr. Rossiter. This book is the most persuasive case for natural law in its relevance to present-day political life that I have seen.

Americans Interpret Their Civil War. By Thomas J. Pressly. Princeton. $5. Mr. Pressly shows how American interpretations of the Civil War have reflected the passions, loyalties, and convictions of the times in which they emerged and gained influence. A fascinating study in the relativity of historical understanding.

Officers and Gentlemen. By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown. $3.75. The second and final volume in the series "Men at Arms," setting forth the encounters, conflicts, and fortunes of a group of Englishmen in the earlier phases of World War II. Mr. Waugh is at his brilliant best, but to his customary penetration and unbelievably effective writing is added compassion, a sympathy with erring men trapped by destiny and their own perversity, that has hitherto not been markedly characteristic of his work.

JEAN HOLZHAUER

CARDS of Identity. By Nigel Dennis. Vanguard Press. $3.75. A witty and sometimes profound comment on the manipulations of personality worked by psychiatry and other forces in the modern world; certainly one of the year's more consequential novels.

A Charmed Life. By Mary McCarthy. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50. Another of the author's low pressure reports on the times and customs of the American intelligentsia.

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J. N. MOODY

OF the books which I have read this year, the following seemed to me particularly significant: *The Cypresses Believe in God. By José María Gironella. Knopf. $10.* This rather long novel is a gripping story with strong local color and deft characterization. It is also the best account we have of the complex tensions that exploded in the Spanish Civil War. The author reduces the catastrophe to human terms which emphasize its tragic character without passing formal judgment on the forces involved.

The French Labor Movement. By Val R. Lorwin. Harvard University Press. $6. France is still the center of the struggle for men's minds and the French working class is the key to that struggle. This balanced and scholarly account is a history of the French labor organizations with an analysis of their structure and their political and social relationships. Well written and fair, it is the best introduction to French social history and to the revolutionary tradition of many French workers.

The Religious Orders in England. Vol. II. The End of The Middle Ages. By Dom David Knowles. Cambridge University Press. $8.50. Covering the years 1336 to 1485, this volume traces monastic history in the age of transition that climaxed

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Sources of Christian Theology. Vol. I. Sacraments and Worship. Paul F. Palmer, S. J., editor. The Newman Press. $4.75. This is the first of six volumes on the living tradition of the early Church on the fundamentals of Christian living. Treating Baptism, Confirmation, and the Eucharist, it provides us with an historical perspective on the Mass and the Sacraments. A judicious selection of texts from the Fathers is prefaced by excellent commentaries by the editor.

HENRY POPKIN

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Adventures in the Skin Trade. By Dylan Thomas. New Directions. $3.50. Stories in different manners —by turns whimsical, meditative, bizarre, glib—altogether quite dazzling. Often Thomas achieved his most striking effects by simply restraining his exuberant Welsh eloquence. With no room to quote, I can only say: Look at the last lines of the stories.

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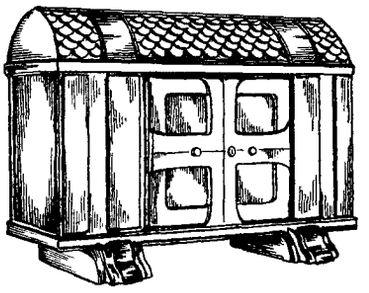

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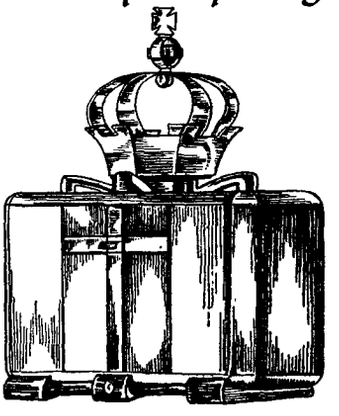

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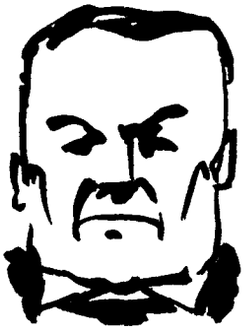

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